

## MAY DAY

WORKERS  
OF THE WORLD  
UNITED  
UNDER  
SAINT JOSEPH  
THE WORKER  
FEAST  
DAY  
MAY 1

# RESTORATION

A  
TRUE  
DECORATION  
DAY  
—  
FEAST OF  
THE  
QUEENSHIP  
OF  
MARY  
—  
MAY 31

VOL. XIV.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—MAY, 1961

No. 5

## A Love Letter To Almighty God

By Eddie Doherty

Dear God, Lord of the traveller, it is wonderful to be home again, to see Your fields of snow and ice are still here, to stroll through familiar roads, to live once more in the mother house of our apostolate, and to enjoy the memories of friends I met in my wandering, and places I visited with You. Chicago, Birmingham, Baltimore, Las Cruces, Phoenix, Lordsburg, Winslow.

One of the joys of serving You God, is the knowledge that You accompany one everywhere, and that You make every resting place a sort of heaven on earth. Those who know You not, though they travel in the utmost luxury, and with utter contempt for expense, find only boredom and frustration and restlessness and worry. Your lovers are given wheat to eat. Those who love You not have only chaff. In good plain American, Lord, he who does not willingly travel with You, travels with a dope.

### Wind and Sun

I hurried home from the far Southwest to witness the final promises of half a dozen members of the Staff, and to be present at all the ceremonies with which Madonna House observes the Easter tide. And what I sacrificed of sun and scenery I made up for in many ways. I left the Spring in Texas and Arizona, Lord, and found it just beginning here.

First I heard the wind whispering of it as he flitted above the snow: but the snow either did not believe him, or did not wish to leave its comfortable bed. But when the sun began to sing the song of Spring, all this northern land began to listen.

One day last week I went part way up the road that leads to the DeVinck's home, called "House of Gold", after Our Lady. The high right bank was free of snow, and agleam with all kinds of shining rocks. There are no stones there comparable to the Texas agates, especially those adorned with crystals. But they are of all shapes and sizes and varieties. I shall be busied with them this summer.

Lord, there was wondrous hunting in Your beautiful southwest. I came back with nearly half the

nicest rocks in Texas. Of course the boys and girls made the hunting easy. You must have a special fondness for the Mexicans on both sides of the border, God; for You made them so beautiful! And they are so gentle, so generous, so lovable and loving! I could not venture on that mountain full of gems but what a quintette of pretty little girls appeared to help me, or a sextette of little boys. Those children had the legs of mountain goats and the eyes of eagles. I will not have these gay assistants with me here in Canada; but I will have others. Lord, thank You for Your children!

### Hard Boiled Snow?

The left bank of the road, a trifle higher than the right bank, was closed to me. The sun doesn't bother with it until long afternoon, and then only if he has rested. This isn't like Texas or Arizona where they rent the sun by the day, and do not mind if some time is wasted by its withdrawal into the clouds. Here we have to rent it by the hour, and we cannot always be sure it will be delivered when we want it. The left bank was sheeted as tightly and as whitely against stone-collectors as a display window on Fifth Avenue, New York, the day before the store opens for its "giant sale."

I observed the sun trying to sweet-talk the snow there into returning to its old faith, the faith of pure free water, and into hurrying back to the arms of its holy mother, the sea. But the snow would have none of this syrupy blather. It had erected a barrier against the sun's beguiling warmth and charm, a coating of hard snow that was as stiff and starchy as the wimple of a nun or the hard boiled evening shirt of a slumming swell. (Lord imagine hard boiled snow!)

It was still resisting when the sun retired. A frost would renew its courage and reinforce its armored glaze. But then a sun-warmed rain would fall gently on it, identifying itself with its frozen kindred, infiltrating it, melting it, converting it—the lay apostolate of Your Springtime.

### Still Miracles

Snow and ice still clings tightly to the river, though the blue stream flows swiftly in the middle. It is a sad mixture of snow and ice—a marriage of first cousins—and it has taken on a sickly gray complexion. Maybe this is because it realizes it must, some day, part from the shore. (Otherwise how could the turtle crawl onto the sand and lay their eggs? Can a turtle skate across that ice?) It has become quite attached to the shore during the long winter, and will be all broken up when it says goodbye.

\*Yet with the sun working only on a part-time basis, and the wind pussyfooting around and just amusing itself, miracles still happen here. Old cold black dead sticks suddenly break out in a pox of buds, which promise to be leaves or flowers or fruits, the fuzzy stuff in front of the house has turned into an awkward bed of fledgling crocuses, bands of tiny chippy sparrows as thick as last year's black flies and gnats, skim across the roads like blasts of winged buckshot, and they chatter like so many little girls attending the bride at a country wedding; now and then a majestic blue jay flashes a streak of lovely lightning from a brooding elm; and a few tall pines are letting the crows peak at new litters of baby cones.

### Well Dressed Trees

The moss in the woods, around the trunks of trees, across the lengths of fallen oaks and elms, and up and down the sides of rotting stumps, has adopted a bright new shade of green. (Green for hope?) It is an obvious imitation of the hue selected for this year by the pines and the cedars and the spruce—who always determine what the well-dressed tree will wear next season.

Some trees, though, are not giving any thought whatsoever to the color of their leaves. That slender young birch peeling off her last year's skin so nonchalantly—like one of Your serpents, Lord—is worried only about the new skin she will wrap around

(Continued on Page 4)

## Vladimir Apostolate

A copy of the XIIIth Century icon that is now reserved in the Tretiakov Museum near the Kremlin, was specially blessed at the Boston Convention of the Lay Apostolate on September 2, 1959, and the following prayer was composed by Cardinal Cushing.

Mary, Queen of Heaven, we honor your icon before which the Russian people pray. We beg you to look with favor and motherly care on that great country, and to lead it to faith and friendship with us all.

We are blessed to have your Russian image in a place of honor. We will pray to you and work with you for the liberation of Russia and for the peace of the world.

## I LIVE ON AN ISLAND

By Catherine Doherty

My island is a storehouse of the Lord's treasures. Daily it offers me their loving beauty. Now when I come home at eventide — it brings me Spring.

There is still snow in the mountains around about me. The river banks are still wearing their necklaces of ice. But the trees on those banks are turning a beautiful purple-brown color. Sap is running fast in their limbs. If I look closer, I can see branches covered with tiny buds.

The brown grass is shot with tiny green veins of early hardy plants. The birds are back from the south and flash their vivid colors against a pastel shaded sky. The squirrels are out in full force playing hide and seek all over the place.

The skunks, Mr. and Mrs. come out sedately for their evening walk—Fortunately, since they know me, they are not frightened. Peter, the big raccoon, looks sadly around, for springtime is a lonely time for a solitary.

Yes, my island is a store house of the Lord's treasures. But there are days when it seems that all treasures are tightly and securely locked up. The skies are dark. The winds are strong. The rain is wild and mournful. Then my island becomes a strange desert.

At times it seems a mountain in the desert. And I am alone on that cold and lonely place buffeted by strange thoughts, encompassed by new pains . . .

All these may come without rain . . . without winds, even when the skies are clear. They did recently.

The colors  
Are of early  
Spring.

Grey,  
Purple,  
Violet.

White  
Is the  
Little Church—  
Like  
A Paschal  
Candle;  
It stands  
In its  
Pedestal  
Of purple  
Brown  
Earth.

Alive  
In whiteness  
And beauty!

## The Power Of Love

By Rev. Emile Briere

It is all so very simple. And yet over and over again we doubt. We get confused. We get dreadfully disturbed.

1. We are paupers. We have nothing which was not given us. Body, soul, talents, sanity, health—are all precious gifts. Grace, virtue, the ability to love, these too are gifts, constantly renewed by the Lord who is Love.

But of ourselves we are paupers. Without someone's love now we would soon shrivel up, dry up, become bitter, dissatisfied.

2. We need to be loved, appreciated, accepted. Yet so few seem to realize that they are accepted, appreciated, loved. So few seem to be able to accept a gift, to be receptive of another's gift, to enjoy whatever is offered. Fear rears up. Incredulosity. Guilt. Shame. We equate receiving with immaturity, forgetting that we are paupers, forgetting that the highest maturity — the highest sanctity — is to become a little child, one who trusts and loves because he KNOWS that he is loved.

### Pity the Adult

It does seem a most difficult thing for an adult to be receptive. Love passes him by unnoticed. . . God's love in a man, a woman, a child, a brook, a flower, a cloud, the Blessed Sacrament! While he mightily strives to do things! Feverishly his brain attempts to "figure out" everything, while at his elbow Love waits with all the answers!

He talks and talks and talks, attempting to give of his knowledge to others, while Wisdom waits and waits and waits. He devours books and culture programs, while Christ stands silent in front of his eyes.

He is busy, busy, producing, trying to convince himself and others of his value, trying to buy love, while Its ocean laps faithfully at his shores.

We must learn to be still, to accept. We must learn the greatest, most healing and joyful truth of all: "THAT WE ARE LOVED BEYOND MEASURE. By the Triune God. By Christ. By Our Lady. By the angels and saints. By numerous relatives and friends.

3. Love is a free gift. It cannot be deserved. It cannot be bought. It demands nothing in return. Either it is a gift or it is self-love. God loves freely, because He is love. He becomes a Child. He teaches. He dies on the Cross. Freely. Lavishly. So also He created all things. He commands us to love Him back only that we might be fulfilled. He tells us to pray, that we may open ourselves to His gifts. His joy is our happiness, His glory our perfection, His desire the satisfaction of all our desires. There is no selfishness in God.

### Love Unto Death

His breath upon our souls constantly tries to melt their icy caps. Relentlessly He seeks an opening, no matter how small, in which to pour the healing waters of His love. Until death He stands at our door and knocks. His arms laden with gifts.

Love is a free gift. Love received. Love given.

4. We too can love. But only if we have become aware of all the love that comes to us from God and His friends. If we have accepted it, gratefully, like the paupers we are; if we have not been afraid of it; if we have received it with joy; if we have become as little children, not "brats" who constantly demand proofs of love, but little children who know they are loved; then we can relax. We can "abide" in love. We can rest in it, no matter how busy we might be.

The world is full of noise, of empty words and empty emotions BECAUSE the world is full of adults verbose, independent, lonely; Poor noisy little islands desperately trying to build their own bridges . . . with one . . . so busy

with this endeavor they do not see the Immense Bridge which unites them to God, and with one another.

But little children see the Bridge. They are very much aware of it. They take it for granted, rejoicing at its constancy. Little children know that God is Love, that He loves them, that all is well, that He can be trusted no matter what storms may rage around. Therefore, they can love. Their love is the human race's most priceless possession. Their love powerfully repels evil and hatred. Their love keeps us from going entirely mad. Their love is our greatest power.

Nothing is more powerful on earth than the power of a little child's love.

## COMBERMERE DIARY

May is now a merrier month liturgically since the first day is dedicated to Saint Joseph, the Workman; and the last day, the 31st, to Our Lady, as Queen of the Universe.

We rejoiced to learn that the Holy Sea had appointed Very Rev. Father Flahiff, the Superior General of the Basilian Fathers, to become the new Bishop of Winnipeg.

Catherine Doherty travelled to Montreal to give a lecture to the Sodalists of Loyola College.

At the Easter Retreat, four new Staff Workers received their crosses; Theresa Bornais, Clementine Larcher, Ruth McKay, and Janet Thompson. We welcomed back for the occasion Father Bechard, and Father Sylvestre. Many guests also joined us for our celebration of Easter.

Miss Mary Ann Gilmore succeeds Trudi Cortens as the Local Director of the Rural Apostolate Team.

Mary Jean Beaudoin attended the Annual Convention of the Red Cross in Toronto. Mr. W. R. McAdams, the Assistant Commissioner of the Red Cross, paid a visit to the local Chapters.

Many of the local people and friends attended the going-away party for Trudi Cortens and Marite Langlois, prior to their departure to the new mission foundation in the West Indies. We wish them good luck and God's blessings on this venture.

In your charity, please pray for the soul of Staff Worker Theresa Marsey's father, and for Father Briere's step-father, Mr. Trudel.

## Puppets

The puppet show is on! With dire results, unpractised hands pull strings. And characters cavort upon the stage, Land on their nose, Or stand upon their heads at undue times. The children shout with glee, They clap their hands, And Punch and Judy are encored A score of times or more.

I watch awhile, then muse: How like misguided puppets humans are Who have not learned the laws of self control, Whose lives are but vicarious replicas Of such as hold their strings of destiny. Unaided, they, like stupid marionettes Lie prone upon the dust, in misery.

Lord, save me from the fate of these, And grant me strength to fill my destiny; And if, perchance, I grow too weak to stand, Make me the puppet of Thy skillful hand.

Sister Mary Adelaide, S.S.C.M.

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Subscription price \$1.00; Single copies 10c

RESTORATION is published monthly for clarification of Catholic social thought with the approbation of the Most Reverend Bishop W. J. Smith of Pembroke, Ontario, and is owned by Madonna House Apostolate. Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

RESTORATION is a Member of the Catholic Press Association

(cpc)

## WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

May the month of Mary. Not Mary of the sentimental pictures from Barclay street. Not Mary of the many, endless, pious, pietistic stories. No.

Mary, the fifteen year old girl, filled with the wisdom of God and of the ages. Mary talking to an angel with dignity and directness. Mary of the immense Fiat, said with a humility that surpasses all understanding.

Mary of the Visitation. Selfless. Forgetting her own precarious position and fearlessly going to assist Elizabeth. Mary the poet, the handmaid of the Lord singing her magnificent Magnificat! Mary, the Mother of God, the poor woman of Bethlehem. Mary, the housewife in Nazareth. Mary of the hidden life. Mary under the Cross, sharing Christ's passion . . . and Christ's love. Loving even those who crucified Him. Mary of the Pieta.

Nowhere is there anything sentimental about Mary. Yet from the moment she enters the pages of history, she becomes our model. Truly we go to Jesus through Mary. First because He came through her to us . . . then because she teaches by example all that we need so desperately to learn.

We who walk in fears . . . whose days are filled with neurotic anxieties . . . who won't believe unless we "see and touch". How desperately we need YOU, MARY OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

We who worship self so constantly that each has become a lonely island unable to communicate with one another let alone love one another . . . how desperately we need YOU, MARY OF THE VISITATION!

We who are afraid of the slightest discomfort, whose lives revolve about more cars, more bathrooms, more TVs, more gadgets, more material wealth and goods . . . how desperately we need YOU, MARY OF BETHLEHEM AND NAZARETH!

We the lonely ones always seeking a crowd, always on the go, to this meeting, that cocktail party, this dance, that date . . . how desperately we need YOU, MARY OF THE HIDDEN LIFE!

We who are so fearful of pain, so afraid of the Cross, so eager to be CROSS-LESS Catholics . . . how desperately we need YOU, MARY OF GOLGOTHA, MARY OF THE PIETA!

We who are afraid to love our own, even our friends, who have forgotten oh, so often, the very meaning of love, how desperately we need YOU, MARY LOVING MOTHER OF MANKIND!

Mary of a thousand titles, Mary my mother, teach me, teach us, faith, trust, selflessness, poverty, detachment, obedience . . . and CARITAS . . . LOVE . . . YOUR SON! AMEN.

## ON THOUGHT

By Jose DeVinck

Man is rational; he thinks; but that does not make him reasonable, nor does it make him think straight. As someone said of memory, that it is the faculty which forgets, we may well say of reason that it is the faculty which makes mistakes. From the daily flow of printed words this statement appears startlingly true.

Let us take as a brilliant example a recent issue of the SATURDAY EVENING POST and look at one of the ADVENTURES OF THE MIND. A weekly illustrated magazine cannot, of course be considered as a formal source of philosophical truth, but a pompous article tending to prove that the very earth on which we stand is a living organism of a greater order, and is, in fact God, seems so ludicrous as to make us wonder at the sanity of the editorial board.

It may have a point, however: it is so outrageously irrational as to find an echo in an irrational world, in a world that craves for an answer and is ready to accept anything, so long as it has nothing to do with Christ and the Cross.

I began reading with great interest about the world not being so simply materialistic as it appeared from scientific analysis; about the necessity of reconciling science with religion, only to be stunned, flabbergasted, knocked out more by the sadness than the stupidity of it, by this great discovery: the earth as a whole is a living organism, is God!

The genius who created this notion seemed perfectly satisfied with his discovery: here was a solid basis for true religion. Here was something to rely upon! Here, at last, was the truth!

That this tale, as old as mythology, made no sense, proposed no solution, gave no answer to the real problem of man and his destiny, seemed utterly unimportant. The earth is alive, and the earth is God, and That is That!

Lord, have mercy! Lord, have mercy! Lord, have mercy!

## FOR SINNERS ONLY

By Eddie Doherty

(You a holy drip or a pious creep? Keep rushin' on by in your Sunday jeep. If you aint a saint, but a man of sin, here's something to chew on. Come right in.)

Seventy or more sinners sat at the many tables in the dining room in Madonna House on Holy Thursday evening, and devoured—like so many holy Christians—the first paschal supper cooked and served according to new liturgical ideas.

This meal, a re-enactment of the Judaic passover—and of the Last Supper of Our Lord, and His apostles, is not a part of any official liturgy. It is merely "an arrangement of the feast" presented as a sort of drama. In our case at least, it was conducted as a solemn and deeply religious part of the Holy Week ceremonies.

After the first bite, the meal became an established custom at Madonna House, a tradition, a yearly ritual and rite.

### A Jewish Supper

Our kitchen, under the supervision of Miss Laurette Patenaude prepared the food; The lamb, roasted on a cross-spit, one stake penetrating its length, the other separating the front feet. (Truly a lamb sacrificed on a cross!) The Matzos, the unleavened bread, "the bread of affliction," "the bitter herbs"—moror—which were dipped in vinegar, and again in salt water; and the Haroses, a mixture of chopped apples, nuts, cinnamon and wine—which was to recall the mortar used by the Jews during their slavery in Egypt when they were forced to make bricks without straw.

The wine, which was served on every table, was a donation. It was contained in a bowl, and the leader at each table ladled it into cups for those near him, at the proper intervals.

The meal was eaten in silence except for the voices of the commentator, the leader, and those who—later—read the parts as printed in the book, "The Paschal Meal", printed by the North Central Publishing Co. of St. Paul, compiled by members of the Grail, and highly recommended by His Excellency, Bishop Vincent S. Waters, D.D., of Raleigh, N.C. The book was faithfully followed.

### Candles Are Lit

Mrs. Doherty, as the "mother of the family", lit the candles on the main table, as all the diners stood.

"This gesture", read the commentator, Louis Stoeckle, "symbolizes the coming of Christ, the Messiah, the Light of the World. The solemn blessing of light at the beginning of the Easter vigil service finds its origin in this Jewish custom. We are reminded also of the lighted candles upon the altar, the table of our daily Eucharistic banquet."

"Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God", said the foundress of Madonna House when she had finished her task, "King of the universe, who hast sanctified us by Thy commandments and commanded us to kindle the festival lights. Blessed art Thou, O Lord Our God, King of the Universe, Who hast kept us alive and sustained us and brought us to this season. May our home be consecrated, O God, by the light of Thy countenance shining upon us in blessing and bringing us peace."

The standing sinners settled into their seats after they had said "Amen", and looked, all but a few of them puzzled, at the unusual objects on their plates, the small dish of salt water, the matzos, the horseradish and bitter herb, the haroses, and the small glass meant for wine.

"Every food" said the commentator, "used in the Jewish passover meal was blessed before it was eaten. Similarly the bread and wine which are to be consecrated are blessed by the celebrant during the offertory of the Mass."

### The First Cup

I had been chosen the leader at the feast, because I was the oldest present, and the husband of the foundress. And this was my cue to take part in the ceremony. I said a prayer and poured the first cup of wine, "the cup of thanksgiving." That is, I dipped a cup into the large bowl of wine in front of me, and poured it into a dozen wine glasses, which were distributed to those on my right and left.

After I had finished this part of the ceremony, the commentator spoke again. "Four times during the paschal meal the wine was passed. The act of distributing wine from a common bowl to all present was a symbol of unity. At the Last Supper, Christ passed this first cup of unconsecrated wine to His apostles, saying;

"Take, and divide it among you; for I say to you that I will not drink of the fruit of the vine 'til the kingdom of God come." The consecration was to come later, after the meal, at the pouring of the third cup of wine, the cup of blessing."

I washed my hands, in the way a priest does at the altar, and the commentator noted that it might have been at this point of the ritual that Our Lord washed the feet of His disciples. We dipped the green herb in the salt water—symbolic of tears—blessing God. We ate the herb; I uncovered the upper of three large matzos, broke it—after the second cup of wine had been poured and various explanations had been made, after the lamb had been brought in and placed on a small table in front of the head table, and after prayers and psalms had been said—and I distributed a piece of it to all those at the table. Then, the lamb was served, and eaten. And it was time for the drinking of the third cup of wine.

Let me quote from the Grail book:

### Out of the Book

"Commentator: The second matzo is now brought forth. It was the custom to conclude the passover meal with this piece of unleavened bread. It was most probably at this moment that Christ took bread and blessed it and broke it and gave it to them saying; 'This is my body . . . All hold the particle of matzo in their hands while the leader says:

"Leader; Let us bless the Lord. 'All; May the name of the Lord be blessed from now unto eternity."

"Leader; Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe . . .

"All eat the particle of matzo. The third cup of wine, 'the cup of blessing' is then poured."

"Commentator; St. Paul refers to this cup of blessing when he asks, 'The chalice of benediction which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ?'

"All stand . . . all drink the cup of blessing. Our Lord's discourse may now be read before concluding the ceremony with the final blessing."

### Now Christ Speaks

It was here that Father Callahan, our chaplain, took the central role at the dinner, reading the part of Christ from the book:

"Now is the Son of Man glorified, and God is glorified in Him. If God be glorified in Him, God also will glorify Him in Himself; and immediately will He glorify Him. Little children, yet a little while I am with you . . . A new commandment I give unto you; that you love one another as I have loved you . . . By this shall all men know you are My disciples, if you have love one for another."

One had only to close his eyes as he listened to the voice of the priest. Then he saw Christ there, at the same table, and heard His music voice.

"I am the true vine; and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit He will take away; and every one that beareth fruit, He will purge it that it may bring forth more fruit . . .

"I am the vine, you the branches; he that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same beareth much fruit; for without me you can do nothing . . .

"Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends . . . You have not chosen me; but I have chosen you . . . If the world hate you, know ye that it hath hated me before you . . .

The fourth cup of wine was drunk, and the ceremony ended with the leader's reading an ancient blessing:

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee; The Lord make His face to shine upon thee and have mercy on thee! May the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace."

All the sinners rose and said; "So be it. So be it. So be it." And they sang the latin song "Ubi Caritas"—where love is, God is.

## PLEASE

Once more I write to all our friends about a former Staff Worker, Margaret Nicholson, Ward # A, Goldwater Hospital, Welfare Island, N.Y.C., N.Y., who has been a patient there the last 12 years.

Though she is crippled with arthritis, she is allowed to go out for a week-end, or for a ride. It would be so wonderful if someone who has a car—and sympathy for the lonely ones of Christ—would take her out occasionally.

Margaret never complains. But it is a lonely life she endures. She would welcome visitors so much!

Catherine

## Baptismal Dance

On Easter night a group of Madonna House girls put on a "skit", or a "dance", in the big room below the chapel, which was so beautiful, so gripping, so profound, so stirring, and so unusual, that an audience of 60 or 70 sat silent, and practically motionless, for nearly fifteen minutes afterwards.

Miss Jo Ann Degidio, who had more than a little to do with the presentation, was asked to write an account of it for Restoration. She did so, saying nothing about herself, nothing about the long preparations made by her and others—such as the selection of the proper phonograph records to furnish the music during the "dance", or the preparation of the candles, which were made by Linda Lambeth and decorated by her until they resembled miniature paschal candles, or the hours of rehearsals.

### Dance of a Soul

The skit was centered around the Sacrament of Baptism; and the dance was that of the soul, played by Linda, writhing out of the grip of evil and struggling into the cleansing waters, and the life of a child of God. After the soul had been washed clean and received the light of Christ, it spread that light—symbolized by Linda's presenting lighted candles to a number of people in the audience. Those who were given the candles held them a long time and blew them out regrettably.

Miss Joyce Thomasmeyer acted two roles. First she was Satan, holding the soul in stern custody and doing everything in her power to stay in possession. In the second part of the skit, she was "the cleansing waters of baptism." Miss Carol Becker acted the part of "The Holy Spirit." Miss Aster Jedynak symbolized the salt, the chrism, the purple stole of the priest, and Mother Church herself. Miss Degidio explained, over the loud speaker, the deep significance of the action. Hers was the only voice heard. The dance was performed in an intense silence!

This is, in part what Miss Degidio wrote:

"During this past Lent a group of us spent a great deal of time studying the Liturgy. We surrounded ourselves with a mass of material from our reference library, books on the Liturgy in general, on the prophecies concerning Christ, and on the symbols used in the Liturgy—especially books pertaining to Lent and Easter. In the midst of us and the books sat our Father Briere, teaching us, giving us a clear insight into the richness of this beautiful season of the Church's year.

"We spent quite a bit of our time talking about Baptism; and I do not believe we have yet begun to penetrate the profound depths of this Sacrament. What we did absorb had such an impact on each of us we felt we must share it with everyone in Madonna House. So we decided to show, through a dance, the disposition of the soul, and the movement, away from Satan and toward Christ, wrought by Baptism."

### A Life-Giving Tomb

Most of the movements of the dance were centered around a dark tomb-like object that resembled the tomb of spiritual death, in which the unbaptized soul is enshrouded, a tomb she must enter in order to live with Christ. The clothes of the soul were black, symbolizing the darkness and corruptibility of its state.

"The soul is confused and seeking. Satan holds it fast. Then God implants the seed of faith. The devil is exorcised; which gives the impression of a mighty struggle being waged for the possession of the soul. The evil spirit finds his hold is loosed. The breath of the Holy Spirit stirs and moves the soul, effecting its sanctification. Salt is placed on the tongue, as a sign of wisdom, a taste of God's mysteries, an appetizer for the Eucharistic banquet. Then another and more solemn exorcism is made, in which the soul stands facing the west—the region of darkness—then turns to the east, to the region of the rising sun, the land of Light; to pronounce allegiance and consecration to Christ."

"Finally the soul emerges from the waters of life, cleansed, transfigured, clothed in the shining white garments of innocence and incorruptibility. She holds a lighted candle, a burning light which shall be a safeguard until the Lord comes for the heavenly nuptials . . .

The next time this skit, this tremendous dance, is performed, there will be—one hopes—a moving picture camera and a tape recorder operating to preserve it for as long as possible.

## LOOKS AT BOOKS

What is your Vocation, by Brother Andre, S.C. and Joseph H. Maguire, 95c Fides Dome Books. Reviewed by Aster Jedynak "Man was created by God to know Him, to love Him, and to serve Him in this life so that he may be happy with Him for all eternity." The answer to "What is your vocation", then, can be found on the first page of the catechism! But the how of discovering one's vocation needs much guidance.

Brother Andre and Joseph Maguire have produced such a guide, describing quite fully and simply the four vocations—Priesthood, Religious Life, Married Life and Lay Single Life, as well as clarifying "vocation" in general.

The two-fold purpose of this booklet proposed in the preface: 1) to provide the teenager with a proper view of the choices of vocation which are open to him; and 2) a reference for pastors, teachers and parents who help young people to discover their vocation, I think, has been achieved. Questions and answers at the end of each section provide a good study outline for the above groups.

One may be disappointed at the brief explanation given of a "Brother". He is, the authors point out, "a far more rare individual". This would have been an ideal opportunity, the book being partly written by a Brother, for this tremendous vocation to become better known! Alas, it receives one short paragraph!

## No One To Talk To?

By Tom Delorme

If you have no one to talk to, Talk to God. He's always there. Right close to you. Waiting for you. To talk. Tell Him you're weak, A welcher, a sneak—He'll understand. You suffer in your darkness? He suffered in His light. Light will banish darkness. God said "Let there be light!" If you have no one to talk to, Talk to God . . . And let Him talk to you!

## Divine Romance

To honor the four new Staff Workers of Madonna House, Miss Theresa Thelen and Miss Kinga Zytowicz composed the words and music of a song. Both, they acknowledge, gave the song its tongue. Kinga gave it its music voice. It is too long to publish in its entirety; but here it is in part:

"Quickly the days are done, Quickly the time has come, Which you've been waiting for: That wondrous day of days, Brimming with joy and praise. Adore God's wondrous ways!

Sacred precious moments Nothing can enhance, Marking a new chapter of Your divine romance."

A romance with Christ! So it is. All the girls now speak of Him as their Bridegroom; and life has become one long honeymoon to them.

## Saints Are Born Too

Last Holy Thursday four young women became Staff Workers at Madonna House. Somebody asked one of them, Miss Ruth McKay, "how it felt."

"Becoming a Staff Worker", Ruth said, "is like being born. We have gone through a lot of growing, but there is so much more ahead. 'Our Mother joyously reaches out her arms, encircles us, and takes us to our Father. We are so overjoyed we cannot speak, but our inward silence brings a desire for a closer union with Him."

"Our Food will be His gift to us—Himself in the Eucharist. Our gift to Him must be our selves. To do His will is the duty of the moment."

## SUCCESS

When we work for the salvation of souls and for the glory of God alone we may rest assured God will crown our work with success. St. Vincent de Paul.



## Let Me Clarify

By Catherine Doherty

Somewhere along the apostolic road of my life, I don't know where or how, I acquired several strange reputations. One was that I was—and still am—opposed to any intellectual, academic, or professional formation in the members of the Lay Apostolate. The other was that I dislike social workers, and professional social work training.

"She is", they say about me, "utterly and completely and absolutely against degrees, B.A.'s, M.A.'s, Ph.D.'s—and she functions on a somewhat emotional level of 'caritas' only."

### Now You Know

I am quite used to being credited with many ideas and notions I never had. It has never bothered me. But now I think I should clarify things. The Lay Apostolate is growing. We are becoming quite a large family, and members of a family should get to know one another. How to do this has always been a problem, considering the great distances that separate many of us, and the immense work load all of us carry.

It seemed to me necessary to explain some things about myself, not in a spirit of personal justification—God forbid!—but to clear up any misunderstandings and bring us all a little closer together.

I had better begin at the beginning, with a statement that may startle you. I am not at all against intellectuals. I am, believe it or not, an intellectual myself! I have gone to a University. I have some degrees. I have even studied Philosophy and Theology. So help me! I speak quite a few foreign languages. These include English, which is a foreign language to me, a Russian. I am a nurse. I have studied psychiatry. And I am the author of six books, several pamphlets, and innumerable magazine and newspaper articles.

### For God and Man

I believe firmly in PROFESSIONAL AND ACADEMIC TRAINING FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE LAY APOSTOLATE. Both God and all men, whom we are pledged to serve, especially the poor, deserve the best in every way. Lay Apostles certainly must be as wise as the children of the world. Or wiser. Intellectual formation therefore is "a must tool" for the Apostolate and the Apostle.

I would like to tell you a story or two out of my own life. In Europe no one sought learning for the sake of degrees that would be an open sesame to the world of commerce, business and money. Knowledge, generally speaking, was sought for knowledge's sake. Degrees were never mentioned. Nor were they considered pass-keys to heaven... but an added responsibility to be used for the glory of God and the service of men!

I remember my Father blessing us for grade-school, and on through the years... "MAY THE HOLY GHOST OVERSHADOW YOU, CHILD, SO THAT YOUR MIND MAY BE OPENED TO ALL USEFUL KNOWLEDGE... SO THAT YOU MAY UNDERSTAND THAT ALL KNOWLEDGE MUST BE USED FOR THE GLORY OF GOD AND THE SERVICE OF OUR FELLOW MEN".

### Use It, Yet Fold It

True intellectual learning demands a stern discipline, one that goes well with spiritual discipline and helps it.

In 1930 when I began our first foundation in Toronto, with the poorest of the poor, I realized I would have to do two things. I would have to use every ounce of my academic intellectual knowledge with great love and delicacy. And I must also "fold the wings of my intellect", as it were, for an indefinite time. Perhaps—a very long time. For in such a milieu, in the midst of a terrible depression and incredible human misery, there would be no time... no time whatsoever... to satisfy the hunger that fills the heart of one who has put her feet on the path of serious learning.

Neither would there be time or opportunities to enjoy the company of other people with intellectual interests. I realized clearly that I was called to give up the joys of a normal intellectual life. For love's sake. For God's sake!

What I did not realize was how terribly hard it would be; how seemingly intolerable it would become!

I would lie awake at night and desire, with a flaming desire, time to spend with people who study... think... read... discuss. BUT THERE WAS NEITHER OPPORTUNITY NOR TIME.

The endless lines of the naked and the hungry, the lame and the halt, were ever present... eating up time far into the night. I

seemed to have become again a child in a kindergarten. Yet I was an adult, hungry for intellectual companionship, for books, for study. There were so many new experiences that needed evaluating...

I spoke about it to a learned, holy priest. I told him I did not think I could stand it for very long. His answer was simple: "Catherine, if God, Who has given you your intellect, wants you to suspend its use for a while, or even forever... won't you say a loving FIAT to his will?"

It was not easy. Only with the help of God's grace was I able to say that FIAT.

### Standing in School

Many years passed in my "kindergarten state". I used all I had of knowledge daily for the service of poor men. It seemed to me I was standing still, never learning anything new. Then, suddenly, the Lord seemed to smile... and I was catapulted into lecturing, writing, studying, exchanging thoughts with others.

It was then I understood that I had been put through the highest school of learning... GOD'S SCHOOL OF LOVE... It was then I began to understand that if we give up our intellect to God—at His request—He will return it to us cleansed of all that is not Him. And our secular and spiritual knowledge will be made new and powerful in Him.

I am opposed to sending the members of our Apostolate to higher schools of learning BEFORE THEY HAVE GONE THROUGH A TOTAL FIAT... BEFORE THEY HAVE JOYFULLY LAID ASIDE INTELLECTUAL PURSUIT FOR THE HUMBLE DAILY TASKS THAT DEMAND SUCH LOVE, SUCH DETACHMENT, SUCH HUMILITY, ESPECIALLY FROM MODERN MAN!

When filled with this love, and with detachment and holy indifference, they truly mean their fiat. THEN THEIR LEARNING TIME HAS COME! They will never make the mistake of thinking that intellectual and professional knowledge, and the degrees they carry, are pass-keys even to human hearts.



### Only Key Is Love

They will know THAT ONLY LOVE IS. In understanding this, they will become TRULY WISE WITH THE WISDOM OF GOD. NOT OF MEN... The rest will be added to them.

I seriously fear that to lay great emphasis on academic learning and degrees can be dangerous to the Lay Apostolate. Spiritual formation should come first and foremost, and without loading the individual with a heavy study program.

In Madonna House we feel that at least two years are needed for this. Then one is ready to go forth and seek such knowledge as will add to his apostolic efficiency.

I do not dislike Social Workers or Social Work. One of our men even now is getting his BA in order to enter a school of Social Science. What I fear often, in this field, is that objectivity... scientific or otherwise... may blot the face of humanity for the intensely trained Social Worker. I fear that the "client" will efface the person... and hence God. But I love Social Science, and Social Workers, who are handmaidens of the Lord.

TO ME... ONE HAS TO BE BEFORE THE LORD... FIRST FOR THIS, ONE HAS TO GO TO THE SCHOOL OF NAZARETH! THEN ONE HAS TO DO FOR THE LORD. AFTER THAT, ONE GOES TO ANY SCHOOL THAT WILL MAKE THE WORKS OF THE LORD SHINE MORE CLEARLY.

Have I clarified my stand? I wonder!

I believe too... that people without any specialized knowledge can serve the Lord. That does not mean I am filled with emotional sentimentality. No... Just truth, it seems to me.

Pat Keegan has no degrees... Neither has Rome Maione... neither did Edel Quinn... Neither did a score of other humble and tremendous lay apostles of the Lord!

Let us put first things first. The rest will follow.

## TIME OUT FOR TEACHER

By Anne Altermatt

Balmorhea, Texas — Noon can be a strangely rich time in a teaching day. It brings a rest from the pace of teaching grades four and five in Saragosa the "three r's" plus everything else. And it brings me closer to the perspective of what happens in that room in the three morning hours and again for the three afternoon hours.

Like yesterday at noon. A Texas phenomenon is what we call "sand devils"... tornadolike formations of sand, sweeping in a circular motion heavenward, its base rooted in earth. A sand devil had caught 7 graceless, bumping tumbleweeds, and spun them into a rhythmic round-dance. The same wind was causing a flock of birds to manoeuvre into the most sheltered position. Just like our children in Saragosa... sea-whipped by their environment into a strange beauty, through which shines God's Life and Love in all the poverty, hunger, and rigor of their life.

### Ramona Shines

A year of teaching here is something like that. BUT MORE! Like the visit today with Ramona's family. Eleven-year-old Ramona is chief cook and housekeeper in a barnlike structure with cardboard box walls. But it is swept clean, the beds are made, the dishes done; Ramona shines, her hair is curled, her plaid dress is ironed and every button present! A year ago this picture was in reverse, all was dishevel.

It is impossible to tell all the love that has been poured into Ramona and her family. Who can measure God's love as He Prompts the Madonna House Staff, the family that adopted Ramona for Christmas, and the doctor who donated a needed operation to her mother? While her family is still picking last season's cotton, the plowing begins for the new crop. And the family says: "Thanks to God."

How does a teacher enter this work of Love? Her rules are melted by Understanding; she learns there is more to a child than a standardized test will measure.

God develops a new yardstick. Manuel, age 15, wrote this note in his father's name to explain his absence from school. (His father may write in Spanish only, more likely he does not write at all): "I can tell you that Manuel can not go for today because he is helping us to work this today because have to pay our truck good by..."

### Bible Stories

And the teacher wonders; "Is the truck a luxury?" No, because it is miles to the nearest store, to their work. They must carry water for a family of ten from the nearest running irrigation ditch. No, a truck is necessary. And if they ever have recreation it's to go to the drive-in or to Balmorhea on Sunday, where there are shade trees and an ever-running ditch."

More wonders. "That's not a passing letter for a Grade 5 student. Should it pass in our school? 'Well, we want Manuel here. Perhaps he will find a job one notch higher than his father's. But SURELY Manuel rates high when it really matters. Because he says: 'I get all happy inside when I read these Bible stories. It is like God is here in me.' Great is the joy of a teacher who teaches the meaning of words, who teaches the geographical milieu of Abraham and Jesus to ready a child for wonders 'eye has not seen'."

Israel's mother writes: "I am writing you this not to say that Israel don go to school this week because is pick cotton to buy some shoes for school"... When the shoes were paid for, Israel was back.

The letter can take a different turn, when study such as health gets a bit too rigid. The end may be as great as hygiene, the method no stronger than baking soda and toothbrush, the motive as noble as a toothbrush habit in the next generation of Saragosans.

### One Black Tooth

BUT: "Here I write to you this paper to tell you that Ray can't take the black stains off his tooth. I think he has to take it off ('IT refers to the tooth) Tell me if you don't want him just because of his tooth in school so we can take him out of school. Thank you."

Do you wonder what happened to Ray? He still comes to school. His tooth is in and black, and will continue to be.

From Josefa comes this note: "I not come to school today because my mother is in bed and my little brother is big in his neck (sore throat) and I have to make some breakfast and supper for my mother and I have to clean the house."

And there's Manuel who comes late each day to school. It sure messes up a register to put countless tardy marks in, and it's not good for the discipline of the rest of the class. Still... Manuel is so conscientious;

This dilemma was solved, but not by Manuel, who was silent to all my questions, happy to make up at recess the equivalent of his tardiness. Luckily, I caught him many days later, with his levis wet up to his knees.

He was carrying his three little brothers across the icy creek each day. That accounted for his daily soakings and his tardiness. So, Manuel is seated closest to our stove. And he comes... whenever he comes.

God "suffers these little ones to come unto Him". And He blesses me with living, breathing meditations on His little Christophers.

## FAITH SHINES IN THE DARK

By Mamie Legris

Maryhouse, Whitehorse, Yukon—One phase of the work at Maryhouse is visiting. Often there is little time for it, for the people who visit us, including those who stay in our hostels, take up the greater part of our day. But there are days when we just take time to drop in and have a chat with a native woman in her cabin, or visit a shut-in, the aged, our close neighbours, or the patients at the hospital. Sometimes we take reading material, some of the Catholic magazines, our kind benefactors have sent, sometimes a loaf of fresh bread, a bottle of jam, some cookies, and even a thermos of hot soup. Much of the time we go empty-handed; it all depends on whom we are visiting. Most people do not need material things, but are so pleased to have you come and spend an hour with them.

I have always enjoyed my visiting in Whitehorse and have learned a great deal from the wonderful souls I have visited. For almost seven years, I have been an occasional visitor at the home of a blind woman, Mrs. Hunter. I am only one of the hundred visitors Mrs. Hunter has, but I'm sure the other ninety-nine are as much impressed by her as I am.

### Home Sweet Home

This lovely lady lives alone in a small cabin in town, like the other old-timers in the Yukon. It is almost impossible to convince her to move to a Home for the Aged where she could spend her last years in peace and comfort. If you mentioned it, she would laugh. She says, "No place else would be home to me."

She sits in the dark. Her stove is close by and the wood is not out of reach. She makes her own fires, and if she lets you put a log on the fire, she will remind you that you are the only one beside herself that she would trust to make a fire. Her food is nice and handy too, and I think she must often eat out of cans, or have food that takes little preparation, for it must be hard for a blind person to cook. The phone is right behind her couch, and she has an uncanny memory for phone numbers. Mrs. Hunter never goes anywhere. Her radio, which is nearly always turned on, brings her all the news, stories and music she wants to listen to.

This sounds like a very monotonous life, but if you visited Mrs. Hunter you would change your mind about it. Never have I spoken to a more cheerful person. She rarely mentions herself unless it is to answer your questions about some of her experiences on the Trail of '98 during the Gold Rush. She never complains; if she were ill, you would never hear it from her. She has a wonderful interest in everyone and is charitable. I have never heard a word of gossip in her cabin.

### Handy Holy Water

She has a faith in God that would almost move mountains. The last time I visited her I told her the story of St. Gregory, the mountain mover, and she liked it. She is not of our faith, but always keeps a bottle of holy water close by; every now and again she has Fr. Gene offer a Mass for her intentions or for some family she knows is having great difficulties.

A few years ago when Fr. Moore visited Whitehorse with his statue of Our Lady of Fatima, he went to see Mrs. Hunter. She loved Fr. Moore. She always asks for him. She prized the chair Father put the statue on so much that she had Sr. Zelia make a nice cover for it. Now no one can sit on that chair. She is waiting for Father to return with the statue, and hopes he remembers to pray for her as he promised.

If you bring Mrs. Hunter the

tinest gift, she is so grateful, so sincere and gracious in thanking you that you feel you have made her very happy.

Many more things could be written about this great Christian woman, who, at an advanced age, lives alone in the dark. But she isn't really old, nor alone, nor in the shadows. For she has a youthfulness, a gaiety, and a brightness about her that dispel the gloom. You see only a woman of great faith and spirit, and you feel refreshed because you have had a visit with her.

## Our Night School

By Mary Ann Gilmore

On Saturday night, April 8th, the Rural Community Night School held its second "windup party". The first year of classes had ended. The party was given in the parish hall, a short distance down the road from Madonna House; and the place was crowded with exhibits and with people.

On one side of the room there was a lovely display of dresses, skirts, blouses, and other garments made by the women of the sewing classes; and close to this was a bulletin-board display of pictures taken during the classes.

Skits, poems, songs and dances combined to interest and entertain the 200 or more people who came from miles around. Michael Fagan, one of our Staff Workers on our farm, represented the agricultural night students by singing Irish songs every time the action on the stage was slowed or halted.

The highlight of the evening, for us at least, came when Catherine Doherty, our foundress, presented the Home Nursing Graduates their Red Cross pins. She briefly recalled the first years when she was the only Home Nursing teacher in this part of the world, and had to travel great distances, especially during the hard winter months, in order to reach her classes. There were no "night schools" then.

Miss Trudi Cortens, who has been the local director of the Madonna House Rural Apostolate for some years—and is now preparing to take over the new foundation in the West Indies—was the mistress of ceremonies. At the conclusion of the program she was presented with a beautiful camera by all the members of

the school. The presentation was made by Miss Katherine Farmer.

The school was started on an April evening in 1960. Mr. G. H. Miller and two other members of the Ontario Department of Education were conducting a "workshop" on Recreation at Madonna House. A young woman in the audience—one of the neighbors—asked if there were courses that could be taught "here in this community".

Immediately the ball began rolling. Letters were written, meetings held, courses planned. Equipment, teachers, and classrooms were found. Mr. Albert Leidtke, at Palmer Rapids, gave, free of charge, his fine, large, warm workshop for the Agricultural course. A school was obtained for the Typing class, and Madonna House made room for the Home Nursing students. Singer Sewing Machines were brought from Pembroke to Barry's Bay. Machines for the agriculture course were brought in from Renfrew. And typewriters for the typists came from Peterborough, 103 miles away. By September, 11 different courses were being taught and there were approximately 170 students.

The first term ended with a "windup" party just before Christmas.

Plans were begun for the next year's classes. New officers were elected. As Trudi's successor in the Rural Apostolate, I was made chairman for the year. Representatives from six different communities were drawn in to the conduct of the school, providing an opportunity for students and committee members to work together and disregard the little "differences" that sometimes keep people apart.

A beautiful example of co-operation was written for us by a Lutheran friend:

"May I give thanks to Madonna House

For the goodness in their hearts! They have brought about so many things

To open up these parts! May I personally thank each one in turn!

I hold out Friendship's hand. Let not religion come between. But the knowledge to understand That God's house has many mansions,

One for each of us to treasure. May we respect each other's Faith,

And throw away the measure!"



## OUR OWN WHO'S WHO

It is true we sometimes speak of him as Jack Kelly; but he is really William Jakali and there is no Irish in him. He is of Roumanian origin, and he is a convert. Mr. Jakali, who was born on June 10th, will be 38 years old next month; and he has been a Staff Worker in the Madonna House Apostolate for two years. Bill was baptized in the Church on Sept. 9, 1949. He heard about the lay apostolate some years later, and on Sept. 8, 1958 he became a Staff Worker Applicant, obtaining his silver cross in the following April.

The picture shows him seemingly at breakfast, lunch, or dinner; but do not be misled. Bill's culinary abilities have been recognized; and he is now in Marian Centre, Edmonton, where he cooks the stew for the unemployed men who come twice a day to the house. Sometimes there are only a comparatively few hundreds. At other times there are close to a thousand. Bill is so busy he takes most of his meals standing up.

Bill worked as a spray painter for Frost Metal Ltd. for more than 12 years, and he worked for the Hamilton Bridge Co. for 4 years; He feels a kinship with the men who come to dinner everyday. He was in the Young Catholic Workers before he came to Madonna House, and for four years had been an officer in a credit union.

Maybe you'd like his recipe for baked beans.

8 pails tomatoes	100 lbs beans (soak 2 days)
3 pails onions	9 chili peppers
3 pails water	18 tblspns of pepper (whew!)
15 tblspns mustard	3 cups salt
	1½ qts molasses

Cook for 3½ hours and serve.

(Caution: This is enough for only 400.)



## THE FAMILY APOSTOLATE

By  
Rev. John T. Callahan

It's not easy to stand there and take abuse without wanting to retaliate, to fight back, to meet anger with anger, harsh words with harsh words, accusation with counter-accusation, to 'slug it out' and show them who's the boss. Yet even though that is what you may want to do, it is necessary for you to keep from doing it, to find a middle ground which will enable you to reprimand the child for uncivilized behavior, yet keep you from engaging in hateful retaliation.

"You must remember — and keep constantly in mind — that you are the parent, that your child is a child, that he is not an adult adversary or an enemy. You must remember that you have a great power over the child—the power to punish and to hurt, and that this power should be used carefully and sparingly. You should also remember that you have an even greater power, and that is the power of love, the power to ease and to heal emotional wounds, to support and to guide, to give courage and inspiration.

### Why This Change?

"Ralph S. was a likable boy and a promising student. In his second year at high school, he earned a ninety-plus average, was elected treasurer of his class, and won a place on the school's track team. Shortly after the beginning of his junior year a sudden change took place. His school work slipped. He became brooding and morose. And he developed a vicious temper which he turned against his father. At first the parents took the change calmly, feeling it was just a temporary phase which would pass quickly. But when his behavior persisted, Ralph's father became annoyed, then angry, then harsh and punitive. The harder Ralph fought, the harder his father fought back. Soon there was no peace in the house whenever the two were together.

When Mrs. S. couldn't stand it any longer, she decided to 'move in' and take a hand. First, she prevailed upon her husband to keep out of arguments with the boy, even when there was real provocation. After that, when Ralph started an argument, she herself took on the burden of dealing with him. But instead of arguing back, she just sat and listened. Ralph raged about his 'stingy' father, about his strict discipline, about the 'crummy' house in which they lived, about his parents' old-fashioned views.

"It was enough to make anyone 'see red', but Mrs. S. just answered in a quiet voice, reprimanding her son firmly but calmly for those accusations which were untrue, and trying to make him understand that he would have to learn to live with things pretty much the way they were.

"After a few of these encounters the steam went out of Ralph's anger, and he began to talk about the things which were really bothering him. He told his mother he was unhappy because the girls didn't like him, that he was worried about being drafted, that he was uncertain about what profession to choose, that he felt crushed because he had been blackballed from a fraternity. Without any profound knowledge of psychology, Mrs. S. could easily understand how her son's disappointments and fears had been converted into a blind resentment and anger which he had loosed on everyone around him, including his father.

### A Confidant

"Her way of handling the situation was to make it easy for Ralph to continue to come to her with his worries, and to let him know that both she and his father were solidly behind him and would help him to work out his problems. With this kind of support, it didn't take long for the boy to recover his confidence, get back into the swing of things, and become the good-natured, capable boy he had always been.

"Ralph's case, and thousands of others, prove that children, like adults, show the worst side of themselves when they are troubled. They don't want to be this way and more than adults do. But when they feel threatened and insecure, they mobilize their defences to flee, or attack, and very often do both. They flee by withdrawing from contacts with other people, by becoming moody and sullen, or escaping into dream-fantasies. They attack by becoming angry, critical, antagonistic, and generally unpleasant. But, remove the threat, and their unpleasant, dislikeable behavior will vanish.

"The most important thing to remember is this: THE TIME WHEN YOUR CHILDREN ARE MOST TROUBLESOME AND LEAST LOVABLE IS THE TIME WHEN THEY NEED YOUR LOVE THE MOST."

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### LOVE LETTER

(Continued from page 1)

her shapely limbs. It must be something bright. Something pink or white. Something exquisite. Something birchlike, yet stunningly different than last year's pattern. It is a good thing she can rely on You to give her what she seeks.

The oaks and the tamaracks and the elms have had no birds to bother them all winter. They are still asleep. The poplars shiver and yawn. They dance to keep themselves warm; and all they think about right now, is where they'll hide the red mushrooms in July and August and September.

A flock of wild geese has angled back, complaining—from high above—about accommodations, weather, forage, people, working conditions, prices, and fellow tourists in the South. They wedged their way into an untidy mess of clouds piled helter, skelter into a frowsy cob-webbed corner of the northern sky. The clouds squeaked with them and went to sleep—to dream of the day they will go floating off, lovely as full-rigged sailing ships, to see themselves in the mirror of some faraway lagoon.

### Shrine of Death

Everywhere in this section which loves You and Your mother so devotedly, I see birth and rebirth. Yet I keep thinking fondly of the silent stupendous shrine of death where You came so close to me on that memorable March day! And I would go back there many times, Lord, if it be Your will. The place has put a spell upon me, a "come hither" impossible to explain.

Your friends will not know what I mean unless I tell them. The shrine of death is a forest in Arizona where all the trees are dead and turned to solid stone. They have been dead millions of years; perhaps many thousands of millions of years. They lie in the soft gray ashes of long dead volcanoes, in a gray-ash grave beneath an ash-gray sky. They lie in fragments. There are great logs. There are stout branches. There are tremendous stumps. There are chips and splinters. Some pieces are studded with crystals, and are lovelier than the branches of an apple tree in May. Some are rich in colors. Reds. Yellows. Greens. Soft Blues. Some have all the colors of the rainbow in them. And one may take home whatever he picks up!

This is not the big petrified forest the tourists hear about, the place where a man is penalized for picking up anything from the earth. It is a little known region, not too far from Winslow, where our Madonna House apostolate, the Casa de Nuestra Senora, is located. One of the Indian ladies who have done so much for the Casa, drove me there in her car.

### Here The Resurrection

"The forest is yours", she said. "It is a real forest. And there, where the Navajos and the Hopis live, is a painted desert. It is a real painted desert. It too is yours. Enjoy it."

It was indeed a real dead forest. And it was indeed a real dead painted desert. It was far away, the desert. A great reef of red stone rose up from it, a cliff half a mile high or more. It was far away, but clear. The colors were those of the setting or the rising sun.

Closer were many mounds and many hills—dead heaps that looked like the slag piles to be found near mines and smelters. These too were covered with the soft volcanic ash, and the wood that had died there tens of millions of dead centuries ago!

I think You came close to me there, God, because I began to think of time in tens of thousands of millions of years; and thus to wonder what eternity must be—eternity with You, and Our Lady, and all the saints and angels, and the wonderful friends who have gone into that eternity before me.

And there was a peace in that dead shrine that enchanted and enslaved me. The peace of Your eternal presence!

I loved that shrine of death. I love this shrine of resurrection. I love whatever You show me, wherever You send me, whatever You give me. I love You. Yours always, Eddie.

## A Building Burse We Have To Build

By Catherine Doherty

I don't think I have prayed over any problem so much as about the necessity of building. I never thought I would have to face such a problem; but now it not only faces me it glares at me! We must build houses for our growing apostolate; and how can poor lay apostles consider such a project when funds are perennially low, seldom more than a few hundred dollars ahead of the red ink or the next begging letter?

God's ways are certainly not our ways. He gives vocations to young men and women. They come to us from many parts of the world, eager to surrender their lives to God, eager to live in total dedication to Him, and willing to live in poverty, chastity, and obedience; to go anywhere they are sent; to do anything they are told to do. They have no money. They have nothing to give but themselves.

The hierarchy calls on us, and on them, constantly. They are needed sadly in home and foreign mission fields. But before they can be sent to the missions, their front lines, they must be trained. They must be housed, clothed, fed, taught; they must have classrooms and study rooms and work rooms. They must have buildings!

There are no buildings we can rent, here in Combermere, Ontario. We have to erect them. We have to pay for materials and for labor. And we have to beg for the money to pay for this. In order to bring Christ into regions where He is not loved, where He is not even known—to make Him known and loved through our young men and women apostles—we must call upon people who cannot give themselves, but who can give money.

It takes a long time to train youth for the missions. They must study languages. They must learn a thousand things about missiology. They must master geography, sociology, histories of various peoples, the Scriptures, chant, liturgy—and such practical things as cooking, repairing automobiles, raising corn, and taking care of sick babies.

At the same time, during all their training years, they must enrich their spiritual lives. And their bodies must be tended and maintained.

Madonna House now houses about 65 Staff Workers, Staff Worker Applicants, and people who may, someday soon become Staff Worker Applicants. The number of these grows constantly—multiplying the buildings that must be erected for them.

So I turn to the Lord of the Mission fields for help—the mission fields where the harvest is so ripe and the laborers still so few. That great Lord was once a carpenter. He knows about our needs, about lumber, about building. Into His pierced hands I lay the matter of this BUILDING BURSE. And, because we of Madonna House are humble, and sort of hidden, I name it after that Lord in His childhood.

So it is THE INFANT OF PRAGUE BUILDING BURSE.

Let Him fill it through you, His dear friends. You see, He knows well, that we cannot begin to conquer the world for Him without your help. He knows we must depend on you. He loves this arrangement, because it gives you a chance to be a lay missionary too. Your dollars, though apparently they buy only wood and nails and cement and shingles and the work of many men, help bring souls to the divine Infant. We rely on you. You rely on us. The Infant loves us and blesses us all—for we all give what we have. What more could He ask of us?

### Life With Philip

Here I sit in the midst of a table full of dirty dishes and clean clothes, with a grubby-handed little two-year-old typing madly along with me. No matter the fact that I have a C.C.D. Discussion Group meeting here tonight, and the buns aren't in the pans yet. Or that there is a suitcase sitting in the middle of the floor, and a polisher standing in a doorway.

The floor is polished, but Philip loves the polisher so much, and weeps so heart-brokenly when it is put away, that it seldom is. Or that there is a half-filled box of quilt blocks, shoes, a purple table cloth, a few baby nighties, and sundry other items being gathered up for a trip to Madonna House.

I feel like writing a letter, so write I shall, and if a persnickiness neighbor drops in and wrinkles her nose at the uproar, well, let her. I know it isn't as bad as it looks, and I always have the excuse of a house full of little kids who, as everyone knows, wreck a house faster than any one can tidy it up. This is such a good excuse for sitting down with a good book, or calling a friend on the phone, that I am surprised more people haven't thought of it as a reason for not using birth control.

### Oh That Child!

I lost Philip today, for an hour. And while I stood at the window chewing my nails and peering up and down the street watching for the police cruiser which was searching for him, I reviewed his two years of residence with us. A more beautiful child would be hard to find. He has the largest, bluest, shiniest eyes, and the longest, blackest eyelashes I've ever seen in one combination, the most charming smile, reddest cheeks and loveliest mouth. And until I cut it, the curliest hair. But someone goofed. With his looks, he should be a veritable angel. No angel, he!

This is the boy who poured a whole bottle of milk in the middle of my new broadloom, and who one morning inside ten minutes, poured cod liver oil on the floor, cracked an egg into the mess, then when I chased him out of the room so that I could clean it up, climbed up into the closet where I keep my camera, and flashed a picture. When I have the film developed, I will find out whether it is a picture of his own nose, or of a stack of towels. Incidentally, he had previously destroyed the film on which were pictures of the baby in the hospital, of her baptism, and our Christmas.

### A Thundering Herd!

He has a certain talent. Everything he touches either breaks, spills, or is pulled out by the roots. He is a thundering herd of one, but so good-hearted he wouldn't hurt anything—intentionally—for the world.

Hurray! Here came the cruiser with a red-snowsuited figure beside the officer at the wheel. Oh, no. Wrong lost child. Away went the cruiser. And this was when my imagination really went to town. By the time my husband had driven home to assist in the search, I was seeing my child's last weak smile of recognition, was seeing him kidnapped by a childless couple, and was seeing him wandering, lost and sobbing, miles away.

The cruiser again, this time with good news. He had found him one block away, cheerfully trudging home after his morning stroll. Thank God, I said weakly, and burst into tears. This afternoon everything is back to normal again. Which means that Philip is stripping my fern, eating grapefruit, skin and all, emptying an ashtray into the baby food, writing on the walls. Just an ordinary day once again, thank goodness.

But the climax came when my husband phoned to say he had been picked up for speeding on the way back to his office after his frenzied trip home to look for his missing child. Time to stop and get to work. With Philip doing a chicken dance in the middle of the kitchen table. I hope he doesn't break anything when, inevitably, he falls.

Sincerely, Norma St. Clair.

## One Man's Scrap is Another Man's Gold

By Catherine Doherty

We thank our friends most deeply for reading this column so attentively, and for their immense charity in sending the items it speaks of. Words really do not express the gratitude in our hearts, nor can we tell you what a tremendous help your gifts are to us. Without them our apostolate would be crippled in many ways! We pray to the Risen Christ to bless you abundantly, and we beg His Blessed Mother to do likewise.

This month, our needs are almost repetitious. The carpentry shop was talking about a lathe, for they would like to make all old chairs new—We get donations of furniture. Sometimes without a leg comes a beautiful table. Or several legs are missing from good, old fashioned chairs. They tell me, the carpenters do, if they had a lathe they could make these good again, to use at M.H., or to give away to the poor.

Plumbing supplies of any kind are always welcome... sinks, pipes, threads, nuts and bolts, connecting elbows, second-hand showers, even bath tubs if there are any to give away.

There is a dream that our men have. That is to have welding equipment. So many things can be done with it. If anyone ever had a welding shop they are not using anymore... or any welding material... we will gladly welcome it. It appears "like a pipe dream", but I have learned long ago and far away that all dreams dreamt in the Lord have a way of coming true!

Has anybody ever had a hobby of collecting stones, rocks and working with them? Eddie Doherty has become immersed in that hobby for we have some beautiful rock specimens in this part of the world. And we are hoping to set up a little workshop. One can make many things out of stones, we might sell them and use the proceeds for our mission work. But we have to have the tools for the workshop. This hobby officially is called lapidary work. The tools that we need are special rock hammers... a saw, very special one, that cuts through the rocks. They call it a diamond saw, I guess. Then there is a thing called a tumbler. This is a contraption, which sometimes runs by electricity, that polishes the stones through water and sand. So any rock—lapidary—tools for polishing, shining, breaking rocks will be most welcome.

We are still in need of knitting wool remnants, sewing supplies, old sewing baskets and boxes that can be made into sewing boxes. Any box would do. During the year we prepare these for gifts for Christmas.

If anyone wants to remain Catholic literature to our West Indies mission, our team will welcome same. The address is: Miss Gertrude Cortens, c/o Rev. Francis Corr, O.P., Hillsborough, Carriacou, West Indies. They will also welcome books. But these will have to be mailed, two or three at a time. Children's books and Catholic books will be very welcome there.

If anyone has extra typewriters... we still need some. Believe it or not!



### Balaam

Balaam's ass saw the angel of the Lord. Saw him standing with the fury of his sword, Balaam was blind, blind in his pride. And he kicked his heels in the donkey's side. The beast saw an angel, Balaam saw a king, Balak of the Moabites with hate in his sling. Balaam heard two masters, the ass heard but one, And only his shadow moved in the sun. Balaam beat the ass, but the ass didn't move, For the dumb are punished by the fools they love.

Then Balaam saw the light and the angel of the Lord. And Balaam praised Israel with a prophet's word, With thanks on his tongue how it came to pass. That a prophet was saved by a stubborn ass.

You like that? It's one of the many gems in A. M. Sullivan's "Psalms of the Prodigal", published by P. J. Kennedy & Sons. For three dollars you can get a heap of Sullivan. It's a bargain. E. J. D.

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## FOR SOUL and FOR SALE

Catherine de Hueck Doherty's new pamphlet, "Out of the Crucible" has just been published by the St. Paul Publications, and can be had, at or from Madonna House, Combermere, Ont., Canada, for fifty cents. This comprises some of the author's ideas on the training of lay apostles. It is the fruit of thirty years and more of training these lay missionaries.

Mrs. Doherty's first pamphlet, "Stations of the Cross", a series of meditations in verse, which many people used in their Lenten devotions this year, is also available at only twenty-five cents.

Both have the imprimatur of His Excellency, Bishop W. J. Smith, of Pembroke, Ontario; and each is a "must" in its own way.

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